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Translated for this Journal.

### Roger at the Grand Opera.

(SEPT. 1850.)

From the French of P. SCUDO.

M. ROGER, who returns to us from Germany, laden, certainly, with all sorts of triumphal crowns, has made his *rentrée* at the Opera in the rôle of Fernando, in *La Favorita*. This rôle, which was created by Duprez six years ago, is one of the most agreeable and perhaps the easiest of all that form the series of that great artist. One would think that, finding himself more at ease in the music of Donizetti than in that of Meyerbeer, M. Roger would at least realize the hopes which his friends have conceived of his future. Has M. Roger gained all that his courage promised? Has he repaired somewhat the check which his ambition had to experience in the part of Jean of Leyden, and can the Opera at length flatter itself to have found in him the tenor who shall bear the burden of its grand *répertoire*?

It is full fifteen years since M. Roger made his début at the Opéra Comique. An agreeable *physique*, a charming voice, understanding of the stage, and a good taste won for him a most honorable reputation. Without possessing the distinction of Elleviou, nor the vocal skill of M. Ponchard, M. Roger was very good in that class of works proportioned to his means, and made for himself a good and solid fame in that time.

But who is contented with his lot in these times? When one may become a minister by rushing out of the back-room of a demagogue newspaper, can we be astonished that an artist of talent, who is the first in the Alps, should think himself destined also to occupy the first rank in Rome?

The friends, the *complaisant* journals who see from further off, the crowd of blind admirers who talk the language of the fine arts as the socialists talk that of Bossuet, have so often told Roger he was a great singer, that he has taken them at their word, and has foolishly left a theatre where he reigned master, to come and display the spectacle of his impotence on the first lyric stage in Europe. What then does M. Roger lack, to raise his talent to the height of his ambition?

In the first place his voice has already suffered the irreparable outrage of years! Its texture is damaged in the extreme chords, where he is obliged to force its emission, to cover up the holes: his respiration is too short for the ample expression of phrases of imperious accent, which obliges him continually to retard the movement indicated by the composer and the situation. These defects, imputable to nature, might easily be palliated, if M. Roger had style. Style: what is that? *It is the man*, says Buffon. There are several sorts of style: there is the noble, the temperate, the low, the trivial style, as there are different species of characters. The great difficulty in the arts is, to have a style which belongs to you, which is the revelation of the qualities of your soul and intellect. \* \* \*

There is a good taste in music, which is neither Italian, nor French, nor German; a taste which consists in feeling and in rendering the true relation of things, in siezing on the wing the laws of reason by means of the phenomena of sensibility. A bad singer is of no school. He can argue from no principle, which authorizes him to allow tricks of vocalization to be heard in the midst of a pathetic scene.

It is a great error to believe that the famous Italian singers of the eighteenth century permitted in themselves the monstrosities which we are condemned to hear in our days.

M. Roger wants style: that is to say, character and individuality. Determined at any cost to aim at grandeur and produce heroic effects, he set himself to imitating Duprez, whose pauses and inflexions of voice he exaggerates. So what happens to all imitators has happened to him: he has taken the material receipt of his model without comprehending its spirit, and the phrases with which Duprez thrills the public, come out inanimate from the mouth of M. Roger. He sang very badly the beautiful romanza of the first act: *Un ange, une femme inconnue*, and he knew not how to render the expression, full of serenity, that is found in that of the fourth act: *Ange si pur!* which Duprez exhaled like a last sigh of the ideal. Ah! monsieur Roger, it is not enough to raise the heels of one's boots and magnify one's voice, to reach the height of an artist who has

passed his youth in the bosom of a celebrated school where one is nourished on the spirit of great masters. It is not at the Conservatoire that one learns the art of phrasing and of giving to his tones the purity, the largeness and the *horizon* that constitute the lofty style. Of the final duo of *La Favorita*, one of the happiest inspirations of the lyric drama, M. Roger and Mme. Julienne made a patriotic song, worthy of the provisional government.

Can one imagine that this last burst of passion, this radiant transport of love was *intoned* (chanted) by M. Roger and Mme. Julienne, like a strophe of the *Marseillaise*, or like the *Chant des Girondins*, of fabulous memory! And so the Gauls of the pit, who ought to know what they are about, in the matter of barricades, were transported by those dramatic howls which recalled the great days of February, 1848! . . .

### Chimes.

From a Lecture on Bells, by A. W. THAYER.

One of my first observations in Bonn was that the bells upon the tower of the old cathedral, where for more than a thousand years the mass has been regularly celebrated, are not rung as with us, that is, thrown up into a perpendicular position, and there balanced—but simply swung from side to side, as when an alarm is rung in our steeples. The ropes of these bells hang down through the ceiling into the body of the edifice, and it used to afford me much amusement when the hour of high mass approached, to see the janitor and his assistants clutch them, and in the midst of the congregation tug away as for dear life, to make a noise in the world by the booming and clatter, "the wrangling and jangling of the bells." I have found this mode of ringing general wherever I have been on the continent of Europe. In England it is otherwise. Bells are there hung with yoke and wheel, a fashion we have followed, and when several bells are placed in the same tower, they are carefully tuned to each other—which is not so often the case in musical Germany. A set of bells thus tuned to each other is called a "peal of bells." Thus we say a "peal of five," a "peal of six," or of whatever number. The phrase, a "chime of bells," though in very common use, is incorrect. The term *chime* seems to be properly used only in relation to the music made upon a peal of bells, by the striking of hammers moved by machinery, or by striking the members of the peal without setting them. The term "peal" has two significations, that just given, and one implying all the changes which can be rung upon a peal of bells. The phrase, "ringing of changes," implies the striking of all the bells in regular and rapid succession a great number of

times, but without in any case repeating the order in which they have followed each other. The impossibility of producing any true musical effect upon so small a number as six or eight bells, the number of notes in such a case not being sufficient to allow of harmonies, or any other than the simplest melodies of very limited range, is probably one great cause, that in England bell-ringing is confined almost entirely to the ringing of changes. There is hardly anything more monotonous and wearying to a musical ear, than to hear an old choral, confined within a compass of an octave or less, hammered slowly out, every time the clock strikes, from one year's end to another; while the ringing of well arranged changes two or three times daily, becomes connected with most delightful associations, as we see in the whole body of English poetry.

At first thought it might seem as if these changes would soon be exhausted; but apply the simple arithmetical rule of permutation to the matter, and a moment's reflection will show that there is little danger of this. For instance, with a peal of three bells, you can change thus: 1,2,3, 1,3,2, 2,1,3, 2,3,1, 3,1,2, 3,2,1, giving six changes. To four bells are 24 changes; to five, 120. In England each peal has its name. The 120 changes which form the peal upon a peal of five bells, is called a Grandsire. The Plain Bob, or Grandsire Bob, or Single Bob minor, implies the ringing of the 720 changes of a peal of six bells. The 5,040 changes of seven bells, is the Grandsire Triple. In Hone's Table Book, an inscription copied in an Inn at Bromley records the ringing of this peal in three hours and six minutes by a company of ringers in that town, as a great feat—such indeed it was.

A full peal upon eight bells is a Bob major; on nine, it is called Caters; on ten, Bob royal; on eleven, Cinques; on twelve, Twelve-in, or Bob Maximus. The number of changes in this last, the Bob Maximus, reaches the satisfactory number of 479,001,600. Suppose the twelve ringers strike ten changes to the minute, that is, each man two strokes per second, and that they ring without interruption to eat, drink, or rest, day and night, and they will finish their peal in 91 years. Add two bells to the number, and at the same rate the fourteen ringers will close their peal at the end of some 16,575 years. Make the number twenty-four, and the peal will at the same rate last one hundred and seventeen thousand million years. None of us will probably live to hear this peal rung. Without attempting, therefore, upon a peal of an octave of bells, to play regular melodies, it is clear that the charming succession of tones is to all intents and purposes endless.

But, as the tones of bells are compound, (that is, each tone accompanied by its harmonics,) the simple striking of the successive notes of the musical diatonic scale, up and down, produces a very sweet and beautiful effect, and one involuntarily attaches words to them. Five hundred years ago Bowbells in London were but six in number, and the runaway apprentice heard them distinctly calling, as the scale ascended,

Turn again, Whittington,  
and as they descended,

Lord Mayor of great London.

When Panurge had exhausted every art of divination as practised by the ancients, and which

could be tried in a Christian land, in hope of obtaining a decisive answer to the question, whether he should marry, as he had exhausted the yeas and nays of Pantagruel, he turned to Friar John of the Funnels. "Hearken," quoth Friar John, "to the oracle of the bells of Varennes. What say they?" "I hear and understand them," quoth Panurge; "their sound is, by my thirst, more uprightly fatidical than that of Jove's great kettles in Dodonæ. Hearken! Take thee a wife, take thee a wife, and marry, marry, marry. For if thou marry thou shalt find good therein: here in a wife thou shalt find good; so marry, marry. I will assure that I shall be married." By and by they are nearer the bells. "In good faith, Friar John, I speak now seriously unto thee, I think it will be my best not to marry. Hearken to what the bells do tell me, now that we are nearer to them: Do not marry, marry, not, not, not, not, not; marry, marry not, not, not, not, not. If thou marry, thou'lt miscarry, thou'lt repent it, resent it, 'sent it!'"

Southey quotes a similar story from an old Dutch author, where a widow consults her confessor upon the knotty question, should she marry. He refers her to the bells, and she heard them distinctly say: "Nempt een man, nempt een man,"—take a spouse, take a spouse:—and his own Doctor says, on that happy morning when he made himself a whole man by uniting to himself the rib until then wanting, he heard from the eight bells of Doncaster, as distinctly as Whittington or the Flemish widow,

"Daniel Dove brings Deborah home."

#### New York Philharmonic Society.

(From the Fifteenth Annual Report.)

The continued vitality of our Institution has been attested by another brilliant season. This is gratifying evidence of its soundness. In Art, as in Nature, there can be no legitimate or healthful growth which is not based upon an interior life and energy. The sunshine may visit the tree, and the air and the showers; but if the root be not sound, these exterior influences prove, eventually, more a blight than a refreshment.

It is the belief that the Philharmonic Society is sound at the root, which causes the friends of Art chiefly to rejoice in its success, and to believe in its future. The root of our success is not fashion—although this animating exterior sunshine, we admit, very lavishly has visited us; it is not the spirit of clique and nationalism—are not our ranks open to all nationalities, and have we not already the representatives of many such among us?—it is not private or individual interest—we are an Art-Democracy, in constitution as in spirit; it is not pelf or annual dividend—our increasing numbers and expenses holding very much in check the individual dividend from an increasing pecuniary success; a dividend at best too moderate for any man's ambition; but it is Art—as we sincerely believe. It is the pure love of a pure object of pursuit which combines us, which constitutes our vitality, and which causes us to live and thrive. When there is any change in this, when Art dies out at the root, the natural and inevitable decay of our Institution will commence—and not necessarily till then.

Unsustained, then, by State patronage, or by the purses of an opulent few, the New York Philharmonic Society has completed its fifteenth season, as an outgrowth from internal resources; self-existing, self-sustained, self-controlling, and in these respects, perhaps, a salient instance of success among similar musical institutions.

But we do not shut our eyes to the admitted perils of success. One of these perils is the engrafting upon us of a certain amount of popular preference, which may be based, perhaps, less on

a sincere love of Art than the musical fashion of the hour.

Now, no foreign graft can be undesirable or unwelcome to a sturdy tree, where there is prospect and expectation that such will not remain a dead graft, but will eventually be pervaded with its own vitality. The Philharmonic Society finds nothing undesirable, of course, in the fact that it may have become the fashion; there is nothing to fear from this for the best interests of Art, provided it succeed, as it has already to so great an extent succeeded, in infusing its own musical nature into this external graft, and incorporating it with itself. The Philharmonic is, or should be, an educating institution; and, indeed, it is not too much to say, that during the period of its existence, it has succeeded in educating and securing a large public for itself, from among the most varied classes of the community, quite independent of that more variable number attending the performances from the mere caprice or whim of the moment. This permanent public is constantly experiencing transfers to it of the more variable one. It is only while the process of assimilation is going on, that such an outside influence is unfavorably felt.

This influence may be manifested in two ways, either by tending gradually to swerve us from our high aim in Art, or by a virtual indifference to this aim, an indifference which makes itself uncomfortably felt. Our difficulties would seem to resolve themselves, in fact, into what may be termed *music and manners*.

Touching the former, we cannot think that in our choice of compositions for performance, our lofty and true aim will ever be lowered to an *ad captandum* and less worthy style. Indeed, we believe we have shut ourselves off from the possibility of this, by having educated our really permanent public beyond it. They would hardly assent thereto, should we ever propose it—leaving, perhaps, but little danger after all, to be apprehended from this source.

But with the latter difficulty, we are having now to contend, as regards a minority of our audience. Due allowance of course must be made, and is cheerfully made, for youth and vivacity; for the long period of attention required; for the exciting attrition of so many elements of beauty and attractiveness. But the interests of Art are positive and insisting, as to the degree of order and attention required. We must, necessarily, insist upon musical *good manners*. The inattention, and heedless talking and disturbance of but a limited number of our audience, are proving a serious annoyance at our Philharmonic performances. The remedy for this, after all, lies rather with the audience itself, than the Society authorities. If each little neighborhood would take care of itself, and promptly frown down the few chance disturbers of its pleasure, perfect order would soon be secured. We hope this will be done. In foreign audiences it is ever effectually done. But may we not rather hope that those to whom these remarks may refer, appreciating the delicacy and difficulty of our position, will relieve us of all *onus* of discipline—a thing so obnoxious, and so foreign to the purposes of our assembling—and very competently and sufficiently, as they are able to do, take care of themselves.

During the past season, many good musicians have been examined for performing-membership. It may be stated, that our arrangements in this matter are of such a character, that none but thorough-bred and capable musicians can well find a place among us. Of the number applying for membership, seven have been admitted the past season, nine having been admitted the preceding season.

As showing the gradual increase of the Orchestra, it may be mentioned, that while the number of performing members during the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth seasons was sixty-seven, during the fourteenth it was seventy-three, and during the fifteenth and last, eighty-one.

The following is a table of increase of other members, Associate and Professional:—

Associate Members.—11th season, 489; 12th do. 555; 13th do. 747; 14th do. 1091.



*Professional Members.*—11th season, 58; 12th do. 116; 13th do. 144; 14th do. 166.  
The last, 15th season, 1773 Associate Members.  
" " " 213 Professional do.

The number of *subscribing* members, so called, is gradually diminishing. This is a favorable omen for the cause of Art, when it is recollected that these are members who obtain tickets only for public performances, and not for rehearsals. These persons are gradually being merged into the more desirable number, who value the rehearsals as well as the more formal concerts, for purposes of musical culture.

At the annual meeting of the Society, held on Saturday, May 9th, 1857, the annexed accounts of the Treasurer, Secretary and Librarian were read and adopted, after which the following members were elected to constitute the board of Directors for the ensuing season:—

H. C. TIMM, *President*.  
THEO. EISEL, *Vice President*.  
L. SPIER, *Secretary*.  
D. WALKER, *Treasurer*.  
C. PAZZAGLIA, *Librarian*.  
C. BRANNES, } *Assistants*.  
J. NOLL, }

#### General Fund.

Balance on hand from last season.....	\$634 10
Received by Scharfenberg & Luis.....	6,648 50
" " C. Breusing.....	1,877 50
" " L. Spier.....	5,521 25

Total Receipts..... \$14,681 35

#### Disbursements, as detailed in Secretary's Report.

Amount of Dividends.....	\$10,246 50
Rent.....	606 00
Professional Aid.....	231 00
Music and Copying.....	145 58
Printing.....	416 13
Advertising.....	118 89
Salaries, Appropriations, &c.....	715 75
Testimonial.....	145 75
Sundries.....	329 49

Total Expenditures..... \$13,955 09

#### Recapitulation.

Amounts Received.....	\$14,681 35
" " Paid out.....	13,955 09

\$726 26

Surplus belonging to the Sinking Fund..... 00 44

Leaving in hands of the Treas'r a balance of \$726 70

#### Sinking Fund.

Balance from last year's accounts.....	\$799 94
Interest on this amount from May 10, 1856, to Feb. 10, 1857, at 5 per cent.....	29 50

Total..... \$829 44

The moneys of this Fund are invested as follows:—

In the Seamen's Savings Bank, No. 78 Wall st.	429 00
In the Savings Bank, No. 57 Bleeker street..	400 00
In the Treasurer's hands*	00 44

\$829 44

\* By depositing the Sinking Fund in two different Savings Banks, this sum was not accepted.

### Statistics of European Theatres.

The *Musical Review* translates the following items from a *Guide for Theatrical Statistics*, by Kustner, former manager of the Royal Theatre in Berlin.

There are one hundred and thirty-six French, and sixty Russian companies of actors. In Spain they have one hundred and twenty; in Portugal, twenty; in England, forty; in Sweden, ten; in Denmark, eight; and there are one hundred and thirty-four Italian troupes. Germany has thirty-seven theatres, of which, fifteen are "court," and twenty-two "city" theatres. If we add to these all the German theatres and acting societies in foreign lands with exception of America, we should find two hundred companies, consisting of twenty-three court theatres, one hundred theatres of cities and communities, and about seventy-seven travelling companies. All the German court theatres receive support from their respective governments. Of the twenty-two city theatres, only eleven have subventions, consisting generally in free use of the theatre. The theatres at Breslau, Cologne, Hamburg, Stettin, etc., are heavily taxed by rents and per centage to the poor. The

amount of money transactions in the largest German theatres varies from 100,000 to 400,000 Prussian dollars; with second rate court and city theatres, from 50,000 to 100,000; with smaller theatres, from 18,000 to 50,000 dollars; and with travelling companies, from 6,000 to 18,000 dollars. The receipts have generally increased for the last three or four years. This increase amounts for the Royal Theatre at Berlin to between 40,000 and 50,000 dollars; for the Royal Theatre at Vienna, 50,000 to 60,000 florins; for the Grand Opera at Paris, 100,000 to 150,000 francs; and for the Royal Theatre at Dresden to about 20,000 dollars.

As to the expenses, the Burg Theatre and the Royal Opera-house in Vienna have to pay \$590,666 a year; the Royal Theatres in Berlin, \$400,000; in Dresden, including the Royal orchestra, \$200,000; in Munich, including orchestra, \$176,000; in Hanover, also including orchestra, \$147,000.

The expenses for the theatre at Hamburg are \$80,000; for the Royal Theatre at Stuttgart, \$102,857; for the theatre in Frankfurt, \$89,142; for the Thalin Theatre in Hamburg, \$80,000; and for the theatre at Leipzig, about \$72,000. The expenses of the Imperial Theatre at Petersburg are \$1,102,026; for the Academie Imperiale de Musique at Paris, \$501,333; for the Comedie Francaise at Paris, \$270,666; for the Theatre St. Carlo at Naples, \$369,333; for the Royal Theatre at Stockholm, \$135,000; and for the one at Copenhagen, \$215,000.

The subventions are as follows:

The Burg Theatre at Vienna receives 100,000 florins, (about \$50,000;) the German Opera of the Royal Opera, at the same place, 123,000 florins; the Royal Theatre in Berlin, \$140,000; the Royal Theatre at Dresden, \$30,000 to \$40,000, and for the orchestra, \$10,000; the Royal Theatre in Munich, 78,000 florins—for the orchestra, also 78,000 florins; the Royal Theatre at Hanover, \$87,000; at Stuttgart, \$125,000; at Karlsruhe, 100,000 florins; at Mannheim, from the State, 8000 florins—from the city, 31,500 florins; at Frankfurt, 8000 florins; at Weimar, \$44,000; at Koburg and Gotha from the State, 15,300 florins—from the Duke, 22,800 florins. The subvention for the Grand Opera at Paris, amounts to \$181,333; for the Comedie Francaise, 240,000 francs; for the Opera Comique, to \$64,000; for the two theatres at Marseilles, to 120,000 francs; for the two theatres at Bordeaux, to 90,000 francs; for the Theatre St. Carlo at Naples, the subvention amounted till 1848, to \$73,333; but now the government has taken the theatre entirely in its own hands. *La Scala* at Milan receives 300,000 Austrian liras; the Royal Theatre at Stockholm has \$30,000; and the one at Copenhagen, \$50,000 subvention.

Several German theatres are, as we stated before, heavily taxed instead of sustained, by the respective governments. The theatre at Breslau has to pay \$7900 for the rent of the house; at Cologne they must pay \$7000 for the same purpose; at Hamburg, 14,750 marks. (\$4000;) Stettin, \$6000; Bremen, \$4600; Konigsburg, \$4000, and two performances for the benefit of the poor, etc., etc. In Germany, the number of dramatic or theatrical personalities is about 6000; if you include the members of the choruses, the orchestras, and the different administrations, it will be about 10,000. This is four thousand more than in France, for there the whole number for the same personalities would not be more than 6000.

The highest salary at the Burg Theatre in Vienna is 7000 florins, with six weeks for recreation; at the Opera, about 12,000 florins. In Berlin, the salaries for the royal actors rise as high as \$5000, with two months' leave of absence; for the members of the opera, about \$6000, with from four to six months' leave of absence. The same can be said of the members of the Royal Theatre at Dresden. At Munich, the highest salary is 3600 florins; at the Grand Opera in Paris, 100,000 francs. Here the mere *Figurante* receives from 240 to 373 dollars! Mlle. Rachel received at the Comedie Francaise 72,000 francs. The highest salary for the members of the Italian Opera at

Petersburg, is 20,000 R. S.; for those of the French troupe, 10,000; and for those of the Russian troupe, 1143 R. S. An easy chair at the Italian Opera in London, costs seven (Prussian) dollars; the ticket for the pit, \$2.33. At Drury Lane, a ticket for the best seat is sold for \$2; a ticket for the pit costs \$1. The easy chair at the Italian Opera in Petersburg, costs \$8.66; at German performances, \$1.75; at Vienna, a ticket for the best seat at the Imperial Opera can be had for \$1.50; a ticket for the pit costs about 40 cents of our money. In Paris, at the Grand Opera, the best seats are sold for \$3; a seat ticket for the pit costs \$1.33. At Berlin, you have to pay for the best seat, one Prussian dollar; for the pit, only half a dollar.

As to so-called *tantiemes*, (copy-rights,) which are paid in Germany to authors of dramatic pieces and operas, the Imperial Burg Theatre at Vienna pays about \$6000 every year. Poets and composers at Berlin receive about 5000 to 6000 dollars. At Munich, this part of the expenses amounts only to \$2300, for, as in Vienna, they do not allow *tantiemes* to composers.

The author of these interesting statistics says not a word about the theatres in America, which is a pity, not only for the sake of the completeness of his book, but also on account of the importance which such statistics must have for any intelligent observer of the theatrical affairs in this world.

### Church Organ.

The Messrs. E. & G. G. Hook have just completed, at their manufactory, on Tremont street, for the Beneficent Congregational Society, Providence, (Rev. Dr. Clapp,) a first class organ, which is deemed by good judges to be one of their finest productions; and in variety, power and richness of tone, to be unsurpassed by any instrument of its class in the United States.

It has 49 Registers, as follows:—

#### Great Organ, 14 Registers.

1 Clarion.	8 Quint.
2 Trumpet.	9 Wald Flute.
3 Mixture.	10 St. Diapason.
4 Sesquialtera.	11 Melodia.
5 Fifteenth.	12 Open Diapason.
6 Twelfth.	13 Bourdon Treble.
7 Principal.	14 Bourdon Bass.

#### Choir Organ, 8 Registers.

15 Viol d'Amour.	19 Principal.
16 Bassoon.	20 Flute.
17 Cremona.	21 Open Diapason.
18 St. Diapason.	22 Dulciana.

#### Swell Organ, 11 Registers.

23 Clarion.	29 Open Diapason.
24 Trumpet.	30 Gamba.
25 Hautboy.	31 St. Diapason.
26 Principal.	32 Bourdon Bass.
27 Fifteenth.	33 Bourdon Treble.
28 Cornet.	

#### Pedal Organ, 4 Registers.

34 Open Diapason.	36 Violoncello.
35 St. Diapason.	37 Trombone.

#### Accessory and Composition Registers.

38 Coupler Gr. to Pedale.
39 do Choir to "
40 do Swell " "
41 do " " Gr. Unison.
42 do " " " Super Octave.
43 do " " " Choir.
44 Great Organ Separation.
45 Choir to Gr. Sub Octave.
46 Full Organ, }
47 Chorus, }
48 Diapasons, }
49 Bellows Signal.

#### Compass.

Manuals,—CC to g in alt, 56 notes.  
Pedale,—CCC to Tenor e, 29 notes.

The Swell extends through the entire compass of 56 notes.

It has upwards of two thousand pipes, in the mechanism of which the Messrs. H. make use of several different compositions, some of them peculiar to their manufacture. An abundant supply of wind is furnished by two bellows of three-inch pressure. The Registers are arranged in triple rows, and are grouped for the separate departments, which brings them more within the scope of vision, and the control, of the performer. The stops are also so arranged as to facilitate the proper

grading of the combinations, ranking from below upwards,—the longest pipes being represented by the lowest Registers in the respective manuals. The key and stop action evince the highest mechanical skill, the Registers and keys working with the utmost ease and precision, the action of the latter seeming no heavier in the Great Organ, when all the Couplers are drawn.

We wish to mention two other particulars in the mechanism of this instrument, by which both the comfort and convenience of the organist have been consulted; and they the more especially deserve mention, from having never before been applied to any organ built in this country. 1st, The composition of the stops in the Great Organ may be effected by Registers (numbered 46, 47 and 48, in the above specification,) placed at the performer's left, in lieu of the common arrangement by pedal shifting—movements: by this plan, the organist has the Great organ at the command of his left hand, which can make the desired changes more readily, and can be better spared, than the feet. 2d, The Pedals are radiating, so as to converge to a point behind the performer, and they are concave both lengthwise and transversely. This arrangement is exactly conformable to the movements of the feet, and brings the pedals under their control, without forcing the point and heel into awkward and painful contortions; and as the short keys are beveled, all chromatic passages may be played with great facility and smoothness: it is, we believe, an improvement of Dr. Wesley's, and was first used in England, at his suggestion, in the immense organ built by Mr. Willis for St. George's Hall, Liverpool.

The case is in Romanesque style,—beautifully proportioned, chaste and rich, and delights the eye with its graceful foliage, and the genial blending of its colors: it is an eloquent testimonial to the genius and skill which devised and executed it.

We have enlarged no more upon the external appearance and arrangements of this organ than truth and justice require. Its appeals to the ear, when its grandeur and variety of tone are displayed by a skilful performer, are charming and deeply impressive. The voicing of the whole organ evinces the skill of a long experienced master in the work. The Secondary and Compound Registers have been made to impart unusual brilliancy and vivacity to the full organ, and they are finely balanced with the Foundation Stops, which are characterized by great depth and body of tone, whilst the ear is delighted beyond measure with the skilful blending of that cheerful, ringing quality which we are accustomed to associate with our ideas of fine old English and German organs.

The many excellent points in manufacture which the Messrs. H. have acquired during an experience of thirty years in self-sacrificing devotedness to their noble art, and which have come to be considered as characteristic of their organs, are clearly seen in this, their latest production. The prompt yet silent working of the pedal and key action, the clear and sure intonation of the lower octaves in all of the Manuals, the great compass and effectiveness of the magnificent Swell, the melodiousness, depth, and grandeur of the Great organ, the subdued and placid harmonies of the Choir, are all conspicuous.

The several Diapasons are constructed and voiced according to their relative position; those in the Great Organ being bold, clear and sonorous; those in the Choir, of a sweet, mellow, singing quality; while those in the Swell are peculiarly adapted to give a rich, full volume to that department of the Organ; and it may be remarked that they are all free from that forced hissing sound which is so often heard in Organs less skilfully voiced.

The Solo stops evince that delicacy and sweetness of tone for which the Messrs. Hook enjoy an unrivalled reputation: each one of these stops, when played with accompaniments, stands out in bold relief, and maintains its distinct character, as if it were a separate instrument in the hands of an orchestral performer.

Among the Stops which deserve especial men-

tion, is the Pedal Trombone, a 16 foot reed Stop, made on an entirely new principle, in which the too frequent harshness is supplanted by a smooth, rich body of tone, prompt in speaking, and blending finely with the full Organ.

This organ is, we believe, the fourteenth that the Messrs. Hook have built for churches in the city of Providence,—a fact which speaks volumes in their praise, proving, as it does, the very high estimation in which they stand as builders, where their works are known, and have stood the test of time, the only sure criterion by which to judge of the merits of the instrument. In this connection, the following testimonial of the Rt. Rev. Thomas M. Clark, Bishop of Rhode Island, furnishes abundant evidence:

"PROVIDENCE, April 23, 1857.

I can most cordially and conscientiously give my testimony to the unsurpassed excellence of the Organs manufactured by Messrs. E. & G. G. Hook. I have never known an instance in which there has been any dissatisfaction with the workmanship, quality of tone, balance of parts, or the general effect of their instruments. The elements of power and delicacy are wonderfully harmonized, and those who order an Organ from their Manufactory may be sure of receiving the full worth of their money.

THOMAS M. CLARK, Bishop of Rhode Island."

The organ was exhibited on Wednesday afternoon last before a large audience, many of them amateurs, and gave unbounded pleasure and satisfaction. It is now in process of removal to Providence. The lovers of music in that city will be pleased to learn that it will be opened there by Prof. Geo. W. Morgan, of N. Y. city. We hear of several who will be present, on that occasion, from Boston. We congratulate the citizens of Providence on their good fortune in possessing so noble a specimen of the grandest of all instruments.—*Traveller*, Oct. 19.

[From the Boston Courier.]

#### Miss Hosmer's Beatrice Cenci.

The statue of Beatrice Cenci, by Miss HARRIET HOSMER, now open for public inspection at Mr. Cotton's rooms, has claimed our attention, and, so far as we could possibly afford it, our study. We have great pleasure in declaring our opinion, that it is a very beautiful, as it certainly is a very interesting, piece of workmanship. We have heretofore examined the several specimens of this young lady's skill in the noble art to which she has devoted her life, as yet so briefly reckoned by years, as they have been exhibited in the same manner in this city. We thought of them all, that, with obvious deficiencies to a practised eye, rather than absolute faults, they manifested unmistakable evidence of those peculiar characteristics in the sculptor, which indefinitely mark the difference between genius and talent. Her conception transcended her execution. But the germ of promise had developed its flower so clearly, that we might look with certainty, in due time, for the perfected fruit. Nor does it involve the least derogation from Miss Hosmer's success, in this particular effort of her art, to say, that we believe she will yet produce something still more creditable to herself, and which will contribute to elevate still higher the reputation of our country in this department of the Fine Arts. As it is, we should be proud to welcome this statue, as the production of a fair countrywoman, in any collection of the results of modern sculpture.

The subject of the statue is of all others the most interesting—a young girl. But this girl is Beatrice Cenci, a name which, even after the lapse of two centuries and a half, still excites in Italy a profound interest, similar, yet more tender and compassionate, to that which in more Northern Europe veils the imputed crimes of Mary Stuart, with that sort of palliation, conjured up by the imagination and warmed by the impulse of all our gentler feelings, in the contemplation of her beauty, her sufferings, and her wrongs. The terrible crime for which Beatrice was condemned and executed by order of the Pope, notwithstanding the most earnest intercession of the principal persons in Rome, was parricide, committed at her instigation, in concert with

her brothers and step-mother, against her father, Count Cenci. Scarcely another such fiend incarnate as this man is chronicled in the history of the world. He could have maintained his existence only under the shadow of such a court as that of Rome, at such a period as that in which he lived. He purchased exemption from the consequences of innumerable and often unmentionable crimes, by his powerful influence as the head of an ancient and noble house, and by means of his great wealth. He hated and persecuted his children with implacable hostility; but towards his daughter his demoniac violence and cruelty assumed another form of infamy, which finally induced the execution of the fatal deed for which she suffered. We must admit that the act of this young and lovely maiden, subjected as she was to indignities from which every instinct of nature revolts, and hateful to every principle of human and divine sanction, was not in conformity with the sublime requirements of Christian perfection. But on the other hand, her sufferings were superhuman, calculated only too surely to bewilder the moral sense, and to obliterate the very affinities and distinctions of nature. And then, too, in her times, escape from the persecution which overwhelmed her was impossible, and the hope of protection beyond the walls of her unnatural father's palace equally in vain. Perhaps those who at this moment acknowledge the force of that dreadful necessity, under which English officers in India have immolated wives and children, in order to anticipate and prevent a worse fate, will at least pity Beatrice Cenci. Indeed, reason about it with whatever casuistry we may, the story of this young, most beautiful and most unhappy lady has inspired the involuntary sympathy of every age in her favor, from her own to the present.

Beatrice Cenci went to her doom sorrowful but composed; and the legend is that Guido, access to the prison being denied, caught, as she passed in procession to the place of execution, the soft and mournful yet most impressive lineaments of those lovely features, which have endured upon his immortal canvas. According to other accounts, however, the great painter did obtain, at the prison, that more deliberate opportunity for his art, which such an exquisite creation as his portrait would seem to have required. Miss Hosmer has chosen the night before the execution for the idealization of her subject, and Beatrice appears recumbent and sleeping, upon a block of stone, to which the ring affixed reminds us, as far as well could be in the accompaniments of a statue, of the prison itself and the fatal condition of the condemned slumberer. Her attitude gives the impression of profound, yet of exhausted, rather than easy, repose. She reclines partly on her side, yet the upper part of her person is thrown forward and brought into such a posture, that her chest presses the pillow of her pallet. The elbow of the bended right arm extends above the head, which rests upon the back of the hand beneath it, while the left arm falls easily across the body, the back of the open hand resting upon the base of the marble beneath; and slightly intertwined with the delicate fingers is the rosary appropriate to her religious faith. One of her lower limbs is drawn up, beneath its fellow exquisitely moulded, which is extended in a natural and graceful posture, falling beyond and beneath the upper line of the edge of the block upon which she reposes. And if we have any critical remark to urge in this respect, it would be that either the blocks of stone in the Papal prison were of altogether too brief dimensions to permit the enjoyment of natural rest, or else the block here represented should have been made more conformable to the length of the figure, even at the expense of depriving us of some variety in the attitude of the sleeper. And, perhaps, we ought to say, that we cannot get rid of the impression, that the position of the statue, in certain particulars, is somewhat constrained, and, as we are inclined to think, not anatomically correct. The drapery has fallen partly from the person of Beatrice, leaving some of the upper portions of it not immodestly exposed. Indeed, no idea could be conceived of the statue, except as that of an



innocent, sleeping girl. In representing the texture of her more closely fitting inner garment, we observe the marble has been skillfully made, as much as marble can, and in this particular the material is admirably wrought, so as to distinguish the fabric and fit of the garment in question from the looser drapery of the couch. The head is enveloped in those snowy folds which covered her golden hair in the bloom and purity of her maiden life, long locks of which, escaped from their confinement, fall about her neck. The face is of marvellous beauty, and pleases us most of all. It is copied, as it seems to us, with remarkable fidelity and success, from that famous portrait of Guido already referred to, of which the common engravings afford us such an inadequate conception. We shall quote a description of this picture from an eminent authority, in order that our readers may compare its details with those of the head of the statue, so far as they are applicable:

The moulding of her face is exquisitely delicate; the eye-brows are distinct and arched; the lips have that permanent meaning of imagination and sensibility, which suffering has not repressed, and which it seems as if death could scarcely extinguish; the forehead is large and clear; her eyes, which we are told were remarkable for their vivacity, are swollen with weeping, and lustreless, but beautifully tender and serene. In the whole mien there is a simplicity and dignity, which, united with her exquisite loveliness and deep sorrow, are inexpressibly pathetic.—Beatrice Cenci appears to have been one of those rare persons, in whom energy and gentleness dwelt together, without destroying one another; her nature was simple and profound. The crimes and miseries, in which she was an actor and a sufferer, are as the mask and the mantle in which circumstances clothed her for her impersonation on the scene of the world.

We have thus endeavored to point out some of the characteristic merits, as well as to indicate some of the defects of this charming work of art. Of a country woman, so young, and yet so distinguished, as Miss Hosmer, already taking a high position among the eminent sculptors, who make Italy their field of study and the theatre of their early successes, we may well be proud. Perhaps the truest point of inspection, from which to appreciate the general effect of the statue to the best advantage, is from a position in front, diagonal to a line crossing the top of the head. And although the lovely face is thus concealed from view, yet this will claim its own special and delighted consideration. Sorrow, and the sweetness of a sad yet not despondent spirit, are on its features; but the vision of that gentle rest is untroubled by any forebodings of the morrow.

**ENGLISH MUSIC TO "FAUST."**—At the late Festival at Norwich, England, a novelty was introduced in the form of music to the second part of Goethe's "Faust," by Mr. PIERSON, composer of the oratorio of "Jerusalem." The Norwich *Mercury* says of it:

The selections for a festival should never be governed either by cliquism or a mercenary object, any more than the selection of a vocalist. In this instance the music of "Faust" has followed the fate of "Jerusalem," for it can be looked at only as the incarnation of an unhealthy and not an inspired imagination, and following as it did directly after Beethoven's immortal "Pastoral Symphony," it fell with heavier weight upon the audience. Whatever may have been the intention of the composer, the audience, even with the description before them, failed to comprehend, and in the course of an hour and a half many had taken refuge in the balmy oblivion of sleep, whose claims, even the most unwilling were scarcely able to deny. Mlle. Leonhardi was the Ariel, and although exhibiting much vocal capability, still it was only sufficient to show how much more it was necessary to accomplish. The music was intended to describe Faust upon a "flowery turf, weary, restless, and in an uneasy slumber, by moonlight." The elves hover round, and Ariel directs them "to guard him," and charm "his senses with the finest magic," and "entice him to the cheerful realms of day." A choral incantation and solo succeed, and the sun rises as they disperse. An instrumental

piece follows, which is intended to describe the effects of a dream upon Faust, who, "having discovered his ideal of beauty in the Grecian Helen, invites her to rest in a beautiful valley of Arcadia." Then comes a chorus in homage of poetry. The dream continues, in which Faust supposes himself to appear as a knight of the middle ages—a march and chorus descriptive of a procession of knights; and then an orchestral *intermezzo*, to express the return of Faust to "philosophic retirement," who, abjuring the aid of Mephistopheles, becomes a Christian. A scene follows in which Mr. Weiss, as a warder of the castle, sings a song descriptive of the "world as it lies," as shown to his spirit from the "skies, and their glory to surrounding nature." A Chorus of Anchorites succeeds, one of whom is supposed to show Faust the "confines of heaven." A Chorus of Beatified Spirits sing of mercy and comfort to the dying Faust, and the last chorus gives him "the palm eternally," and he is shown "the spirit of his love smiling from the clouds on him." This is the subject upon which the music of "Faust" was founded, and had the books not described what was intended, no one would ever have imagined the scenes. The Chorus of Anchorites and the Song of the Warder are the nearest in approach of sound to sense; but even these indicate the unsettled and irregular impressions of the composer's imagination, and possess no sufficient melody or rhythm to retrieve the rest. The whole, in fact, bears the impress of a brain without form, and the substitution of extravagant ideas, without regard to whether they convey any notion of what is to be described. The best proof of the effect upon the audience, where somnolence did not prevail, was the restlessness which increased as the music proceeded, and by the relief which their countenances expressed when it terminated. A very few personal friends near the orchestra applauded, and some of the auditory in the five-shilling gallery stamped, but in vain: the verdict was too decidedly pronounced to be mistaken.

#### From my Diary, No. 13.

Oct. 10th.—Somebody has given the *Tribune* to-day a long article upon Expresses and Express-men.—Speaking of Adams, founder of Adams's Express, he gives some musical historical information(?) which is worth saving! *Ecce*.

On arriving in Boston, Adams "after seeking in vain for some days such a situation as he wanted, offered his services to the proprietor of the Lafayette Hotel, on Washington street, opposite Boylston. At that time that hotel had just been erected and named in honor of the Marquis, who was very popular in Boston. It was then the crack house, and held in high esteem, especially by the jovial members of that potential and numerous, but always harmonious body, the Handel and Haydn Society. This musical institution, from time immemorial the pride of Boston, was then, and still is, we believe, located in Boylston Hall, opposite the new hotel, and—as the members met several nights in the week, either for rehearsal or public performance of an oratorio—partly from patriotic veneration for the Marquis, and partly to recuperate after their musical labors, they visited the bar of the 'Lafayette' very often, and sometimes they would come in great numbers, rendering an assistant bartender very desirable."

Is n't this rich, exceedingly!

14th.—This is the book I have been waiting for, for many years—Schœlcher's *Life of Handel*. Not that it contains all. That is not easily possible. But it clears up so many points, which since the days of Hawkins and Burney have been stumbling-blocks. Droll that what no Englishman has undertaken to do, what should have been done fifty years since, at last a Frenchman has undertaken, and apparently with the best success—and that is, a thorough examination of the Handelian manuscripts. What light is at once thrown upon that mighty man's career! and how wonderful it was!

I ask not whether Mr. Schœlcher might not have improved the work in some particulars, in matters of style, arrangement, and the like; it is enough for me that the great labor has been performed, and that we know what the Queen's and other libraries possess of Handel, and what light those relics afford.

It is unfortunate that the author is ignorant of the German language, for some additions might have been made to the account of Handel's early life, which would be interesting, and some slight errors might have been avoided.

The book pleases me vastly; and now—can our musical people not be persuaded to buy and read it?

The melancholy fate which has thus far fallen upon attempts at laying the foundation of a musical literature in this country, is a sad commentary upon the professions of love for music which one is constantly hearing. The ignorance that is constantly manifested of the most common facts in musical history is a shame and disgrace to the profession.

Those who get their living by music should hang their heads in shame if they do not read this book and Holmes's Mozart. What would they say to a member of any other profession, who was as ignorant of its history as most of our musical people are of theirs?

All praise to Apollo! the time is coming, though, when Dogberry will not cry in vain, "Oh that I had been written down an ass!" when the music teacher must be a man of some culture at least!

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 24, 1857.

### The Musical Prospect.

Could it be more unpromising? The winter is upon us, and the orchestra have not even begun to tune their instruments for the usual six months' Symphony. So far no operas, no oratorios, no concerts, with the exception of a solitary one in a small hall by Vieuxtemps and Thalberg! This does not sound like Boston. This report is in quite another key from that in which we have usually welcomed in the season. Music hath pause, like every other occupation that depends on money. In the other cities there have been beginnings, with unusual promise and array of forces, but beginnings only. The singers, like the birds, fly southward; how can they breathe in a chilly atmosphere of panic and of poverty?

There seems to be but one topic for our usual musical editorial:—to wit, the total want of music,—the suspension of all musical industry,—the poverty and most prosaic dullness of the times. For want of a better, we accept the topic. Let us look around us, and see how bad it is. We take a grim satisfaction in enumerating the great and smaller signs of discouragement. Let us amuse one another, in this lack of something better to do, by adling up indefinite quantities of zeros.

In the first place the music-teachers, with whom our cities swarm, come back from rusticiating or from trips to Europe, full of zeal, and of all sorts of methods, approved or original, some for the voice, some for the piano,—enough of them to make the rising generation musical: but—there are no pupils! None for many—not enough for any, for the best of them. Our music publishers have opened their superb new stores, with everything on shelves and counter, from the fugues of Bach and oratorios of Handel to the last negro melody or polka:—but there are none to buy! Engravers are dismissed, presses are silenced, and the loud foaming stream of music-selling and buying contracts itself within a moderate channel, waiting better times. Musical instruments find few purchasers; half the hundred hands of every piano-forte-making Briareus are idle. For any music-lover, who is blessed with a few spare hundreds, it were a capital time to purchase at large

discount the best piano that our factories afford. (We offer our services to any of our subscribers to execute an order of that kind for them;—we dare say it would be for our interest as well as theirs,—you see, we are getting worldly—it is the humor of the times.) And as to musical journalism? If we knew how long we should have a subscriber left to ask the question, we might answer. Suffice it to say, there is nothing to journalize about, and nothing is the subject of this article. There will be no musical critics—no Sir Oracles—their occupation's gone—the world sinks into Cimmerian darkness in the article of taste. (It was a *simmerin'* darkness, Mrs. P. might say, before.) And then, most terrible of all, there will be no "dead-heads"! because no theatres, no concerts. Thousands of those respectable and useful members of society suddenly thrown out of employment! What a lamentable condition of the labor market does not that indicate! So far a goodly pile of minus quantities and ciphers have we added up. Pleasant, as blowing soap bubbles, or whistling to keep the courage up in these hard times! And now for music-making proper; now for that industrious army who coin the elastic air into significant sweet notes, to thrill the inmost soul with harmony. We count up the operas and concerts that we are (not) to have.

The grand Opera in New York, as we have seen, suspended operations for a fortnight—for the purpose, it was said, of mounting several new pieces, such as the *Nozze di Figaro*, *Robert le Diable*, &c. The fortnight has expired; no announcement as yet of a resumption; the prevailing epidemic made it no loss to stop; perhaps it would be, to go on again; and meanwhile appears this significant little hint in the announcement of Vieuxtemps and Thalberg's concert for Oct. 23: "Last appearance but one in concert of Mlle. ERMINIE FREZZOLINI, prior to her departure for the West and South"! This looks a little like indefinite postponement. Perhaps the Opera will resume when the banks do. So we must set down naught for Opera in New York—as things now look. Messrs. Ullman and Strakosch, however, have much machinery and raw material on hand; it is damaging to let the works lie idle; they will certainly get their steam up with the first indications of a market. Or, to change the figure, they lie ready to hoist sail with the first breath of favorable breeze, and crowd on all their canvas, of which they have a plenty furled, if they can get a chance. Let us pray for a wind.

Turning to Philadelphia, to the Marshall-Maretzek Opera Company, we find that they have been singing since the first of this month hacknied operas, like *Trovatore*, *Ernani*, *Lucia*, &c., to discouragingly thin houses, spite of the would-be cheerful crowing of the newspapers; for, to the surprise of every one, and after all the grand announcements of great "stars" coming and to come, Tamberliks, Rogers, &c., the present (only the third) week is proclaimed the last chance of hearing this splendid company, who are positively engaged to sail immediately for Havana! It is a sign of coming winter, when the wild geese fly southward. No doubt these tamer singing fowls regard their case as somewhat analogous, and mutter something about never being geese enough again to accept an operative engagement in America. So much for Philadelphia; set down naught and carry one—to better times.

Here in Boston, the operas in prospect are indeed most charming, if it be true that "distance lends enchantment to the view." Far off we see the shining plumage of the song-birds dwindling to fine specks in the Southern sky. When fairer financial weather shall recall them to New York and Philadelphia, we too shall have our turn. Perhaps not.

Our noble Boston Theatre, itself, is it appears in danger; we hardly know if it stand there substantially, a bonâ fide theatrical brick and mortar structure, or whether it be anything more than an Aladdin's palace, a fictitious thing, like so many banks and speculative bubbles, so sadly has the financial panic shaken the faith of its projectors and stockholders. In their alarm, they have even held a meeting and voted to sell the property. We recall the meeting in which the grand scheme was initiated, and have not forgotten the glowing speeches of the leading men, who set forth its claims so purely on the ground of the artistic pride, the new attractiveness to strangers, &c., of our good city. Then no one thought of investing for the sake of profit; it was all for public spirit, patriotism, Art! Now, when it appears that the theatre has in no season met the current expenses out of the nightly receipts, (which some charge wholly to bad management, to the corporation having tied its hands by an unprofitable long lease, whereby the Manager says: "Heads, I win; tails, you lose"); now, too, that the times are dark, every body feeling poor, the financial aspect of the theatre looms fearfully into the foreground, to the overshadowing of the artistic, and to the dismay of stockholders. The theatre cost \$416,000. The debt is \$205,000, principally mortgages. The immediate sum to be paid, however, is but \$15,000. To get over the whole difficulty, the Committee have recommended, and a meeting of the stockholders have adopted, the following plan:

To authorize the Directors of the Corporation to make a sale and conveyance of all the real and personal property of the Corporation to such persons or associations as will become the purchasers thereof at the amount of the present indebtedness of the Corporation, say \$205,000; each of the present stockholders to be allowed, if he pleases, to take for each share one two-hundred-and-thirty fifth part of the property. In other words, to form a new Company, with a capital equal to the debts of the Corporation, and abandon the act of incorporation, vesting the property in Trustees. Each of the new shares, if the whole debt should be paid off, would cost about \$885; but as a large portion of the debt is not yet payable, and can remain on mortgage if desired, and as the Melodeon estate can be sold for at least \$90,000, so soon as we are well over the present crisis, it would probably be entirely safe to limit the par value of the new shares at \$500. Of this sum only \$100 per share need be paid at present, and perhaps only \$50, and an additional \$100 would be all that would be required for a year to come, and the residue need be called for only as the mortgages have to be paid off. The new Company, after the sale of the Melodeon estate, would own the Theatre with its furniture, wardrobe, and properties. The land alone would be worth the entire sum to be paid. After the termination of the present lease, say March, 1859, your Committee think the Theatre could be rented for at least \$15,000 a year; and if the rights appended to the shares are worth their present market price, \$30, the new stock would probably yield a sum equal to 18 per cent, on the investment. Of this, however, each shareholder must form his own opinion and estimate. As an additional inducement, each share might be vested with the right to free admission, and the selection of two reserved seats instead of the alternate privilege belonging to the present shares.

The original value of a share was, we believe, \$1,000. It is not probable that the property will be purchased for any other than theatrical uses;

the sale of the Melodeon adjunct will materially reduce the debt; under a new system of management, whereby the company may lease it by special contracts, now to Italian opera, now to a Ballet troupe, &c., it may yield a much larger rent; so that, after all, we have little fear that our grand Boston Theatre will take to itself wings and fly away. Nor will the Genii transport it elsewhere, if the public will be just to genius here.—But as for Opera, so far as we see at present, we must set down naught for Boston.

As with the Operas, so with the "stars" and virtuosos that had begun or were about to begin to give miscellaneous solo concerts. The VIEUXTEMPS-THALBERG works are evidently put upon half time. Miss JULIANA MAY has vanished in the South. Mr. COOPER, the eminent London violinist, has returned to England, (partly on account of domestic affliction,) but waits a better season to return.

Happy shall true music-lovers be, and not quite inconsolable at the loss of Italian opera and other imported splendors, if we shall be able to fall back with less distracted interest and less spoiled relish on the plainer, sweeter, far more nourishing and more inspiring fare of good wholesome classical oratorios and concerts by our own societies. Our Handel and Haydn Society should have commenced rehearsals this week. But the Hamburg steamer, Borussia, of Oct. 1, which was to bring our CARL ZERRAHN, to conduct them, is reported to have put back to Hamburg on the 7th,—cause unknown. Hence nothing is yet sure of Oratorios. And for the same cause, nothing with regard to orchestral Symphonies, &c. The same steamer is supposed to have contained the brothers FRIES, and other members of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club; which makes the Chamber Concerts count for nothing yet. Mr. SATTER has postponed; and of the "German Trio" we hear nothing more. There is good hope, however, from the German "Orpheus"—and for all, let us believe, as soon as times grow settled, if not prosperous. But for things actually in sight, our telescope sweeps the horizon in vain; there is nothing!—In New York there seem to be enough wise men left to save the city—musically. Thanks to permanent organization, her best in music, her Philharmonic concerts, will go on. In Philadelphia, the retreat of Opera is covered by the announcement of Germania (Orchestral) "Rehearsal" Concerts, at prices for the million.

There—we have presented a beggarly account of empty boxes. It can do us no harm to contemplate the worst. Perhaps we all feel better now that we have looked it in the face. Now we may look round again, from a new and honest stand-point of no false hopes, and see if we cannot find some crumbs of comfort. Perhaps we may yet see our true musical good in all this. Perhaps we may yet save from the wreck what is really worth saving. Perhaps, now that the showier ones, the formidable armadas of the speculators are scattered, there will be the more chance for those who are modestly in earnest with their art. Perhaps, by some mysterious law of spiritual Calculus, we may yet be able to carry one or more units to the telling side of all these ciphers, and learn how he that loseth his life may find it!

Of this hereafter. Meanwhile, if our theme was nothing, our readers will at least admit that we have made nothing of it. *Ex nihilo nihil fit.*



OCT. 14TH.—The "hard times" seem to have less effect upon the public amusements than on anything else in this city. A week or two ago it was estimated that an average of \$10,000 was nightly taken at the different theatres, concerts, and other exhibitions open to the public. How it may be now, when the panic has been rising with every day, and men's souls are really sorely tried, I cannot tell, but the long list of daily advertisements under the head of "Amusements," which all the papers display, shows that there must be still enough demand for such relaxation to warrant the providing for it.

The Philharmonic rehearsals commenced last Saturday, but with a list of members diminished by 500. This, however, is probably not so much attributable to the money pressure as to the fact that nearly all the Brooklyn subscribers have withdrawn their names for the purpose of patronizing the Philharmonic concerts to be given in their city during the winter. As they alone number at least 500, it is only surprising that the diminution of our list should not be greater still. The income of our society is thus reduced by \$2500, but as the last report shows a list of 1700 associate members (at \$5), and over 200 professional ones (at \$3), besides a short list of subscribing members (at \$10 for three, merely for the concerts), we can afford such a loss, even though we are obliged to pay \$1000 more than last year for the Academy.

For the first concert, we have announced: Beethoven's *Leonora*, Schumann's *Manfred*, and, by way of variety, Spohr's Symphony, the "Consecration of Sounds," which has only been played about a dozen times in the fifteen years that the Society has been in existence. For the benefit of the hearers, it were desirable that the partiality of some of the "powers that be" (to which this frequency of repetition is attributed) lay in another direction. Of the lovely Symphonies of Haydn, which are on the repertoires of all European "Kapellen," we have had but one (and that one of the minor ones) in all this time, and but two of Mozart; Beethoven's 8th has been played but once, and the 1st and 2d no oftener, if I remember right. At any rate, the two latter have not been played in a long time, certainly not since the last production of the "Consecration of Sounds." O for a Berlin Symphonie Soirée, with one Symphony by Beethoven, another by some other great master, and two overtures of equal classic worth, and nothing besides!

☞ PARTICULAR NOTICE.—Hundreds of our subscribers and advertisers are still owing us for *one, two, or THREE* years! To many we enclose bills with the present number, and beg them to consider that on the prompt payment of subscribers (in advance) depends our ability to furnish a musical paper; that it takes a great many of these little subscriptions to cover the expense of issuing a single number; and that *in such times as these*, especially, we *must have* all that is due to us.

The Europa which arrived this week, brings word that the steamer Borussia, which left Hamburg on the 1st, had put back to that port on the 7th. This delays the return of some of our leading musicians at the very time when the concert arrangements should be made. Among the passengers by the Borussia are Carl Zerrahn and lady, Messrs. August and Walf Fries, (the latter bringing with him a newly married wife,) and Krebs, of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, and Mr. Scharfenburg, the pianist and publisher, of New York. We trust, however, that we shall soon hear of their arrival, and that our

usual Oratorio, Orchestral and Chamber Concerts will be set on foot. These are cheap luxuries, and it is poor economy that cuts them off. The cost of a single afternoon's drive would cover a series of concerts. . . . Subscription papers are already circulating for a series of those delightful concerts of the German "Orpheus Club." . . . Messrs. CHICKERING & SONS have just perfected and begun to manufacture a new style of Square Piano, which exceeds in power, richness, purity, equality of tone, anything ever yet heard short of a good Grand Piano. It is constructed upon a new scale, of seven octaves from A to a. The instrument is a little wider, and a very trifle longer, than their usual seven-octave Square. The quantity of tone is almost comparable to that of a Grand.

We have to acknowledge an invitation from the Messrs. HOOK, to attend the exhibition of their new Organ, received just too late, which we regret the more from reading the description which we copy from the *Traveller*. . . . The expected visit of the French tenor, ROGER, to this country, will lend interest to what we translate on our first page from M. Scudo. Roger, however, is so great a favorite with German audiences, that we desire to hear him, notwithstanding M. Scudo. . . . London papers announce the marriage of CATHERINE HAYES to MR. BUSHNELL, of New York, the manager, we believe, of her concerts in this country. . . . *Fitzgerald* tells us that Signorina RAMOS has had four offers of marriage since her debut last week in Philadelphia:—is this a symptom of hard times?

**THE BELLS OF LOWELL.**—The city of spindles was highly elated on Saturday morning, by the ringing of the chime of bells which have been placed on St. Anne's Church. It was the first time that these bells had struck sweet music, and the occasion attracted a multitude of interested people to the church. The Mayor and Aldermen went in procession to the edifice, preceded by the City Marshal, and were led by the Wardens to their appointed seats before the chancel. Addresses were made by Dr. J. O. Green, and the pastor of the First Congregational Church in Lowell, Rev. J. L. Jenkins. Bishop Eastburn, of this city sent the following letter:

Boston, Oct. 16, 1857.

I have this morning received your obliging note; and I take this opportunity of expressing my sincere thanks for the honor done to myself, in the inscribing of my name on one of the bells. I wish the name had been one more worthy of such a distinction: at all events, however, the bell could not have been marked with the name of one, who could rejoice more than I do in the addition of such a feature to the attractions of your town, as a chime of bells on St. Anne's. Their sound will be a delightful one in my ears, in all my future visitations to your parish; and may it assist, with God's blessing, in raising many a heart to the contemplation of that world of harmony and love which has been opened for us by our dear Lord and Saviour, and of which the music of Sabbath bells is so touching a remembrance.

I beg that you will apologize for my absence on the occasion of to-morrow's celebration. It would have been most pleasant for me to be present; but my engagements forbid that enjoyment. I will do what I can to procure the attendance of some of the subscribers.

With my congratulations to you on this pleasing event in the history of St. Anne's, I am faithfully and truly yours,  
MANTON EASTBURN.

The bells weigh respectively 2271, 1448, 1134, 956, 783, 683, 608, 565, 530, 481 and 460 pounds. Their cost was \$4292 90.

The following, clipped from the N. Y. *Evening Post*, will interest opera managers as well as those who try to do too great a vocal business upon too small a capital:

In the early part of September Egizio Vieri entered into a contract with Messrs. Strakosch and Ullman to sing for them for two months as first baritone, at a salary of \$250 per month. At the rehearsal of the opera of the *Travatore* at the Academy of Music, however, in which he made his first appearance, he sang so much out of tune that the other performers laughed at him, and the rehearsal broke up in confusion. He was discharged as incompetent, and brought an action in the Marine Court on the contract. On the trial, several witnesses testified that they heard him say in Florence, New Orleans and elsewhere, that he was a good singer. The defend-

ants showed the facts above stated, and also set up a counter claim of \$130 for expenses incurred in consequence of being obliged to have another rehearsal, in place of the one in which the plaintiff had sung; and also of \$100 for money advanced him on his contract, previous to the rehearsal. Justice Thompson rendered judgment for the defendants, on the ground that the plaintiff did not perform his part of the contract, by executing his part of the opera at the rehearsal with the skill and ability which the law presumes him to possess, from the nature of his undertaking.

**ATHENÆUM GALLERY.**

The Exhibition at the BOSTON ATHENÆUM will continue open through November. A number of attractive paintings will soon be added to the collection.  
Oct. 19, 1857.

**I**NSTRUCTION IN SINGING.—Considering the deplorable condition of the financial world, which tends to discourage and to a lack of patronage of all the professions, **SIGNOR CORELLI** proposes to form Singing Classes at a price reducible according to the number of pupils.

In this manner the amateurs of music can continue or resume their studies at a price conforming to the present want of means.

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**Mr. F. W. MEERBACH** begs leave to state to the citizens of Boston and Roxbury that he is prepared to give instruction in Piano-Forte playing to small classes.

Long experience and careful examination of the subject have convinced him, that besides the great saving of expense, he can offer some particular advantages in this manner of teaching, by which he hopes the young student will be relieved of a great deal of weariness which accompanies the practice of the finger exercises, scales, &c., and on which a final success so much depends

For further information apply to Mr. M, at his residence, Ionic Hall, Roxbury; or address at the music stores of O. Ditson & Co. or Russell & Richardson; or at this office.  
OCTOBER, 1857.

**LUCIA,—PIANO SOLO.**

**OLIVER DITSON & CO.** have just published—The Opera of **LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR**, Piano Solo, being the Ninth volume of "Ditson's Edition of Standard Operas." In Press, **LUCREZIA BORGIA**, Piano Solo, of the same series.

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**CARL ZERRAHN** begs leave to announce to his pupils and friends, that he will commence his course of instruction in music shortly after his return from Europe, which will be about the 1st of November.

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## CHAMBER CONCERTS.

**THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB** intend on their arrival from Europe giving their usual series of Concerts. All business matters for the services of the Club for public or private concerts, can be arranged by addressing  
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May be addressed at Russell & Richardson's Music Store, 291  
Washington St. or at the Messrs. Chikering's Ware rooms.

Terms for Music lessons, \$50 per quarter of 24 lessons, two a week; \$30 per quarter of 12 lessons, one a week.

**M**lle. GABRIELLE DE LAMOTTE has the honor to announce that she will resume her Morning and Afternoon Classes for the instruction of Young Ladies and Misses on the Piano-Forte, on MONDAY, Sept. 14th. Applications to be made at 55 Hancock Street.

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